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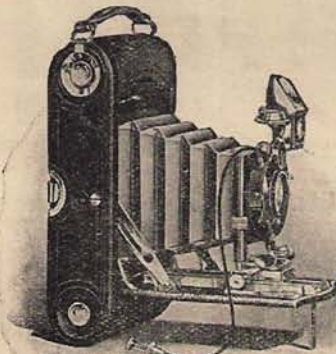
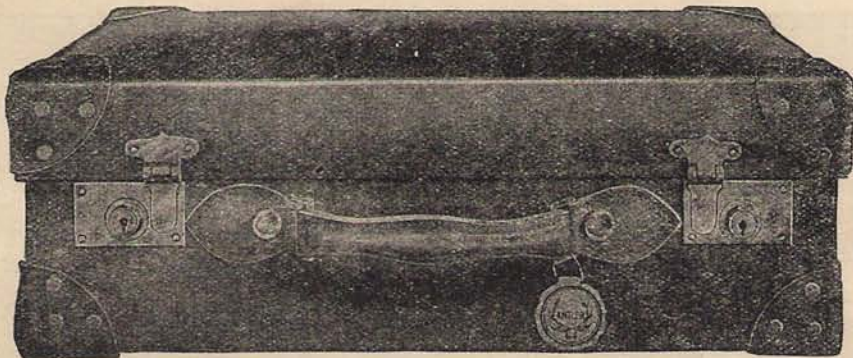


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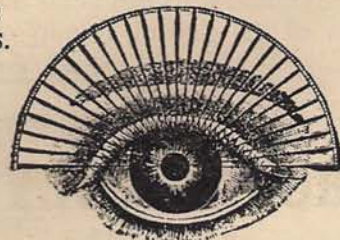
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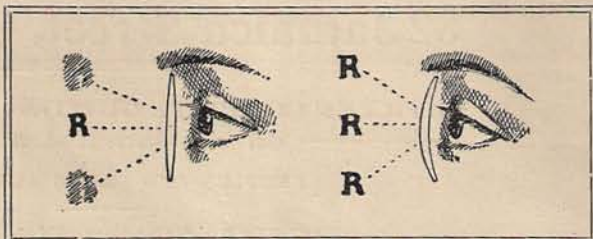
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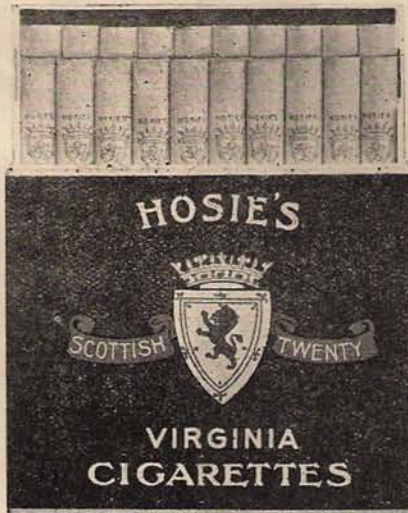
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Vol. II.—No. 6.

FEBRUARY.

1916.

Shot and Shell.

*We haven't any Festubert
To call our little Waterloo,
But, faith, it is a moral cert,
We will before we're through :*

*And when we stand to arms, alert,
We'll leap the parapet, and you
Who've tasted of a Festubert
Will know ANOTHER Waterloo.*

FESTUBERT, to the man in the street, to the man who reads his morning paper behind his breakfast cup, is a thing of the past, an event of history, doubtless, but a phenomenon in a multitude of other phenomena similar in all respects. One soldier is pretty much the same as another ; a soldier in action is much the same thing as another soldier in action ; and so one battle is much the same as another, to the civilian, at least, who reads his history from the books, and follows his country's battles in the arm-chair.

But there are those who, drawn in the whirling vortex of life, live in and through the experiences of Time and Fate. Tried and tested, even as by fire, they become, none the less because human, the unalloyed elements in the crucible of war. That the trial and the test affect different men in different ways must go without saying, for there are many moulds and patterns in the workshop of life.

Such men do not, and will not, see life through the rose-coloured spectacles of the arm-chair

optimist, or of the poet of the Spring. They view the thing with a clearer eye, through a pair of Army goggles or a periscope, and they are not downhearted. Not a bit.

We admire beyond measure the cheery optimism, the unfailing humour and grit of the boys of the Gordons and the Black Watch, whom we will always remember as our first preceptors in the then (to us) strange and difficult art of trench strategy and manoeuvre. We acknowledge their prowess and recognise the glories of a Festubert such as theirs. We are proud to have known them, and will be prouder still to accompany them in the 'charge.'

But when all is said we have a feeling that we will do very well on our own, and when it comes to the bit we will adorn our records with a greater than Festubert—'another Waterloo.' "Whit, greater than Festubert? fower times —" Ay, greater than Festubert.

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ON the first day of April, of the year two thousand and sixteen of the Christian era, there were assembled in Codford, an outlying suburb of the great Metropolis, a number of worthy gentlemen who had journeyed from all parts of the country. The occasion which had called together this select audience was not an ordinary one. Exactly one hundred years ago, the great European struggle had been brought to a glorious conclusion, a conclusion that terminated for ever the spirit of Prussian militarism, and ushered in the dawn of universal Peace.

As every schoolboy now knows, this great war, after dragging wearily on for almost two years was suddenly and dramatically brought to an end by the appointment of a Business Government, under the leadership of one whose name will always command and stir our feelings of pride and gratitude—the then Mr. Horatio Topley, afterwards Earl Bull.

The thousand and one histories of the war—popular and unpopular—which have been put before the public since that time have made us thoroughly familiar with all this. But we digress. The task which lies before us is to chronicle the proceedings leading up to the formation of the S.A.H.R.S.P.U.S.G.W., or, to give it its full title, the Society for Advanced Historical Research on Scientific Principles into the Undiscovered Souvenirs of the Great War.

The Society had its origin in the brain of that remarkable man Mr. Samuel W. Pickwick. He it was who had called together this assemblage of earnest and intellectual patriots. He it was who, as the clock struck the hour of eight, rose from his chair and faced the audience, with the benign smile, the rich inheritance of his famous ancestor, whom he resembled both in appearance and in his unsatiable thirst for knowledge. As to the latter, it will become apparent as we chronicle the doings of the Society. A few words will suffice for the former.

Mr. Pickwick was a man of middle age. He had, in fact, just graduated into the Landsturm, and it is an eloquent testimony to the ardour of his patriotic spirit that even his drab army experience had not succeeded in quenching his admiration for the heroes of a bygone age. His jocund countenance was redeemed from insipidity by the fine contour of his lofty forehead, which merged, almost imperceptibly, into a noble dome, from which the hair had long since executed a strategic retreat (due perhaps to the abnormal bracing of the intellectual muscles), leaving only what resembled a tuft of Zambesi cotton on either flank. A pleasant smile hovered continually at the corners of his mouth, and the eyes behind the gold-rimmed spectacles sparkled like the summer sun on a maid's first engagement ring. When he commenced to address the audience his mellow voice flooded the room like the tones of a modern Calliope.

"Gentlemen," he declared, "to-night we meet here to celebrate the centenary of Peace, to perpetuate the imperishable memory of our heroic forefathers before whose irresistible onslaught fell the Colossus which threatened to devour and destroy all that was noble, good, beautiful, and true, in this world of ours. To-day will witness throughout the civilised world—even in the now free and enlightened Germany—the waving of banners, the unveiling of more and still more statues, the expression of the wildest enthusiasm in its various forms, from the shouting and the fireworks of the children to the drinking of patriotic toasts in the extra tot of rum allowed to our aged poor in the various institutions where their declining years are passing. But we are here to-night to consider a higher, a worthier means of keeping alive the memory of those days.

"Gentlemen," he proceeded, "our object to-night is the inauguration of a Society for Advanced Historical Research into the Undiscovered Souvenirs of the Great War!"

During the prolonged outburst of applause which greeted this momentous announcement, the great man was seen to drink copiously from a glass of vin rouge avec citron, afterwards removing, polishing, and carefully adjusting, the gold-rimmed spectacles. The applause having at length subsided, he resumed.

"Gentlemen, I have always striven worthily to follow in the footsteps of my famous ancestor, whose journeyings through this fair land of ours were chronicled by the immortal pen of the master. But what splendid opportunities we have, what a glorious field for research compared with his. Let us not be found wanting when coming generations shall examine the fruits of our enterprise. In the fields of Flanders and fair France a wealth of treasure awaits our operations. Let us not fail to grasp our opportunities."

We shall not follow Mr. Pickwick throughout his long and eloquent oration, which was punctuated by repeated outbursts of applause. It is merely necessary to state that after various routine formalities the Society was constituted, and that Mr. Pickwick was appointed to the presidential chair. It was also agreed that he, accompanied by four other members, be appointed to proceed forthwith to the actual scene of the war.

* * * * *

[The peregrinations and adventures of the Society's representatives will be described in subsequent issues.]

VIKING.

Whizz-bangs.

I.

WHAT'S the particular type of shell,
That spreads a particular type of smell,
And makes all the Tommies swear like H—I?
It's the Whizz-bang!

II.

Some may think that the rats are bad,
And with some the mud is now a fad,
But nothing makes us quite so mad
As the Whizz-bang!

III.

When we hear its whizzing overhead,
We know that nothing need be said,
So, down in the mud as if in bed,
We jink the Whizz-bang!

IV.

Rife grenades and Jack Johnson shells
Cast over most their repugnant spells;
But neither the spirit of Tommy quells
Like the Whizz-bang!

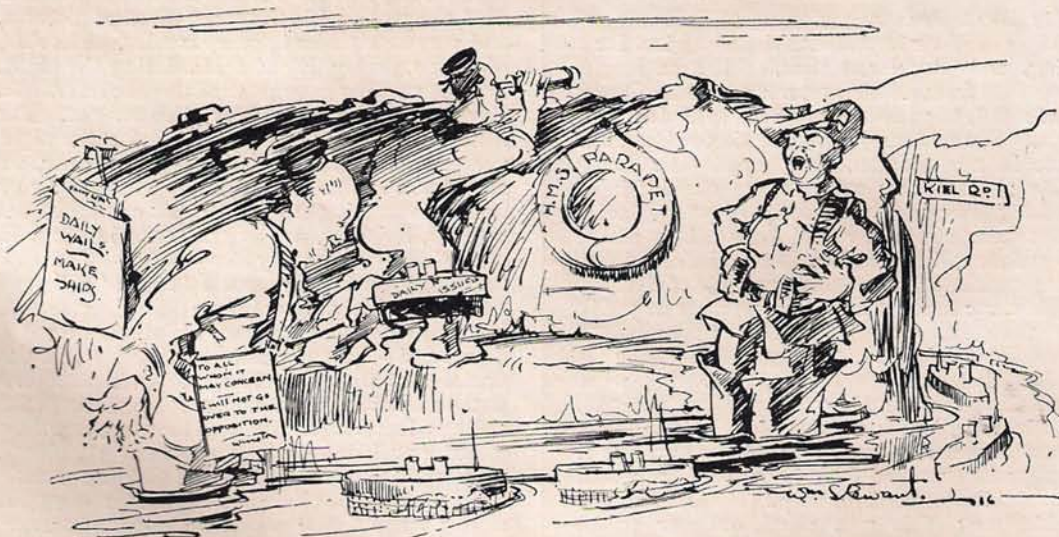
V.

But we have a way that will upset
The gunner who shoots, and he'll pay his debt
To that bright little thing called the bayonet,
For his Whizz-bang!

VI.

And when this little "dust-up" is o'er,
And we're thankful to think of Fritz no more,
One nose-cap we'll prize although we feel sore
At the Whizz-bang!

T. C.



Drawn by

CAMP RUMOURS-IV. WINSTON IS TO BE ONE OF US.

Pte. W. Stewart.

Letters from the Front.



Drawn by

L.-Sgt. G. W. Provan.

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."

MY DEAR FRANK,

Your impatience to know what I am doing, and how I am situated has at length roused me from a lethargy, not so much of body as of mind, in which I have been sunk for some days. You will say I am not paid to think, but that, in my opinion, only applies to Army affairs; I, at any rate, am in the habit of thinking long and luxuriously of pretty ladies and tender steaks for instance—things which are unknown here, and cannot be indented for. For some days I have been incapable of that...

We came here for a week's rest after a spell in the trenches, and, being first to arrive, I immediately sought out our genial Q-M-S. who undertook to show me our billet. We went down the street together, and presently he said, "there it is," with a vague jerk of the head. I peered over a steamy refuse-heap and saw a pretty white-washed farm-house. There was a trim maiden on the door-step. My heart leaped within me; this was worth all our trials. "Rough life for the horses," I remarked, directing his attention to a ramshackle shed in

which a few bedraggled fowls were trying to eke a living out of some filthy straw. "That's your billet," he snarled, suspecting a joke. And so it proved to be.

In three days we had settled down. The larger holes (or openings) in the walls we covered with sacking stolen from the Q-M's Stores. While this didn't diminish the draught, it filtered the air coming in and made the heap at the doorstep less intrusive, so to speak. The rats claimed our attention next. As an interesting experiment we transfixed one with a bayonet, and nailed him outside as a warning to his fellows, who, however, promptly ate him up, and begged for more; they even spread the news round the other billets. So we had to resort to coating the walls with tinned Army stew. This not only discouraged them but also kept our own appetites within bounds. When a parcel arrived we went outside to eat. The floor was the great difficulty. We tried to forget about it by laying down our waterproof sheets, but it was no use. We lay and thought of what the former tenants, the hens, had found good to eat in it, and every time one of us moved the other watched stealthily to see if he scratched. We wouldn't have disturbed that surface for anything on earth. The result was that many small articles were lost in the top dressing. If a Staff Officer, or other dignitary high enough up to have chicken for lunch, should happen to find a set of false teeth (gold-plated) as he carves his fowl, number — platoon, 17th H.L.I. will be interested to know of the happy event. In trying to make that billet habitable we didn't spare ourselves, I assure you. I found a copy of *La Vie Parisienne*, and decorated the walls with the most alluring pictures, and we stuck paper in every crevice. The rats, of course, pushed it out again during the night, but the rustling gave us time to plan an attack. Every detail was carefully thought out. For instance, to stay the braying, during the night watches, of an insistent donkey next door, we took turns of standing to ready to shove Army bread down his throat. I can't commend the method, however, as the grit made him cough, and that was pretty er—awful. Someone 'acquired' a brazier, and I 'found' a bag of coke, so with a few beams Monsieur hadn't known he could spare from his stable we made a fire, and fondly hoped to be forgotten for the duration of the war. True, it was a disadvantage to be able to watch the stars through the ceiling when a snell wind was blowing, but if we pulled our blankets well over our shoulders, kept on all our clothing, including smoke helmet and identification disc, and snuggled close to the fire, we could almost get warm enough to fall asleep. Just think of that now! as Uncle James would say.]

Of course the inevitable happened. But for our confounded enthusiasm we might have foreseen the consequences. Monsieur looked in one night as we were sitting round the fire and decided it was the very place for his maiden aunt, so we were forthwith ejected. We are now in a new billet resembling, but worse than, the old one before reconstruction.

Did we start all over again? Did we what! Thank Heaven, we go back to the trenches to-morrow. Best of luck, old man.

Yours sincerely,

BEE."



IT has always struck me as unfortunate that there is no Book of Hints which could be handed to a recruit on his arrival amongst us. There is no doubt that a young chap, fresh from a city life, is at a decided disadvantage among a lot of 'old soldiers' who know the ropes thoroughly. Perhaps the following hints will serve as a guide to the many young fellows who are now joining us:—

1.—Don't go about as if you were afraid to speak to anyone. If you see a Lieutenant, a Captain, or a Major, whose face seems familiar, just go up and slap him on the back and say, "How do, old sport! How's the war going?" He will not reprove you. You are not supposed to know any better.

2.—Brains are quite unnecessary equipment in a Private's person, so, if you possess any, you had better conceal the fact as much as possible. For instance, if a man with brains were told, "When I sez 'alt, you don't 'alt, but walks right on," he might think there was something wrong. Well, there isn't, at least, there isn't supposed to be.

3.—Occasionally you will be asked to go on parade. This need not upset you. It is only done to see how quickly you can invent an excuse to evade it. Of course, there are many excuses. The best, so far, are 'dentist,' 'orderly,' 'sick,' and 'fatigue.' If you take one of these every day you may go for weeks without parading.

4.—If you want to go sick you must first of all have a good excuse. Here you must be very careful, as you have a wary man to deal with. Don't go up with some old excuse that has been tried a thousand times. He will only give you a dose of castor oil and send you on parade. The only excuse which works at all is "Pain in back, Sir," which has never been known to fail. No doctor on earth can tell whether you really have a pain in the back or not.

5.—If you feel you would like a day off any time, just take it. In all probability you will get a few days' C.B. on your return, but that needn't concern you. The greatest Generals that ever lived have all done C.B. in their day. I am sure you have noticed C.B. after their names many a time.

6.—In conclusion, always remember that ignorance is your greatest asset. Should you be pulled up for anything just look simple and say "I didn't know, Sir." You will get off every time. Ignorance is really so useful that it naturally follows the less you learn the better you will get on.

BEZIQUE.



Drawn by

Pte. R. Eirrell.

R.A.M.C. (with 16 stone Jock aboard)—"I wish tae Goad the Bantams were oot here."

Listening Post.

TO the lay mind the term "Listening Post" conveys no meaning at all, but to a soldier and, according to our Sergeant-Major, we are all soldiers now—the term is full of significance. In semi-technical language, a listening post is a species of sentry post situated at the end of a sap leading from a fire trench in the direction of the enemy's position at a distance from the fire trench entirely dependant upon the positions held by the opposing forces. At the end of this sap is situated a cavity occasionally provided with two shelters, in the form of covered-in seats, in which two sentries take up a position for the purpose of listening for the slightest sound from the enemy's direction, which may perhaps signify an impending attack, or the presence of a German patrol or working party. It is, of course, the duty of the two men to report any sound suggestive of the proximity of the enemy outside their own barbed wire, or any lights or flares of a mysterious nature which they may observe. Needless to say the part played by a listener is now and then an exciting one, and, to an individual gifted with a nervous temperament, it is a somewhat strenuous one, especially on a dark night.

When the Platoon Sergeant popped his head into a certain dug-out and, amongst several things which the writer has scruples against mentioning here, says that Wilson and M'Kenzie will go on duty in half-an-hour at the listening post, Messrs. Wilson and M'Kenzie indulge in a few muttered remarks, also unprintable, concerning the aforementioned Sergeant, but proceed to lay down their rifles, on the cleaning of which they have been busily engaged during the afternoon, and gather together any odds and ends which may tend to improve conditions of life for them during their approaching twelve hours of duty. Such a collection may comprise

a cake or so of chocolate, a piece of "du pain," the army name for French bread, and perhaps a couple of army biscuits, in addition to any extra clothing which they may consider necessary.

At dusk a Corporal explains the duties to his charges, and leads them to their post. He guides them up a muddy sap, often to the accompaniment of an energetic German machine gun. The sap, however, is usually well protected, and the bullets fly harmlessly over the parapet, or bury themselves with a dull thud in an unoffending sandbag. Instinctively the men assume a crouching attitude, but crawl along as quickly as the action of their gum boots in the mud will permit. After what seems an interminable period the actual post is reached, and on first sight does not appeal to one as an altogether ideal spot to spend a night in (a facetious private, who mentioned that the listening post reminded him of Brodie's Bar Parlour, is now on his way to the Base).

However, war is war, and it is with a grim smile that the Corporal, with a final, and seemingly needless warning not to go to sleep, re-enters the sap and slowly wends his way back to the main trench, and eventually to his next group. Occasionally he leaves his victims in possession of a live bomb to amuse themselves with, giving them instructions to hurl it among any Germans who may indulge in archaeological research in the vicinity of the British lines. A vast amount of amusement can be derived from taking out the pin and working the little handle up and down. Once, however, one of our bombers did this, and the bomb, through some fault in its construction, went off, and the Sergeant-Major was very angry, as it meant an alteration in his stores list.

The impression which a nervous individual gets on listening post is that it is absolutely surrounded by Huns, crawling cautiously



Photo by

THE CLYDE, DUMBARTON ROCK.

Sergt. A. G. Deans.

towards the post, loaded up with bombs ready to drop wholesale on the heads of the weary sentries. This, at any rate, is what our heroes thought about it for the first half-hour or so, and quite a period elapsed before either of the two passed any remark. As their nerves gradually became accustomed to the tension they indulged in a whispered conversation. After a few very uncomplimentary remarks had been passed regarding His Imperial Majesty, the German Emperor, the War Office, and the Platoon Sergeant, the conversation became more general.

"A wish A hadna' been in such a — (word censored) of a hurry to jine!"

"Ay, so dae I. We should only hae been thinkin' about it noo. We've been in this business about fifteen months too long."

"This is a dam funny Battalion. They gie ye a dug biskit an' a mooth-fu' o' cauld tea, and shove ye up a drain."

"Ay, and when ye ask fur a bit chuck, they tell ye ye've got yer rations. Ye had nae business to eat them. Ye canna get ony mair!"

"A think some yin must snaffle oor grub."

"Ay, it's gey queer whar it a' gangs tae—an' there's no even a Sergeants' Mess here!"

"Dae ye think A could risk a fag?"

"Na, man, ye canna spark a match here. Ye'll hae a whizz-bang doon yer neck."

"Are ye feart fur them, man?"

"Na, but ye ken ye get shot fur daein' things like that."

"Wid ye no' like a cushie?"

"Ay, fine—jist a wee bit shrapnel in ma leg."

"Ay, enuf tae last till the war's feenished."

"This war'll never feenish!"

"Hoo dae ye—Whit the devil wis that?"

"It's only a rat, man—dinna loss yir heid!"

"A rat? Man, that wis as big as a collie dug!"

"Mind yersel'. Here's Cuttie Sark."

The steady suck-suck of approaching feet could be heard in the sap, presumably belonging to the Visiting Officer going his rounds. Presently he came in sight, and was informed that there was nothing unusual to report.

After two hours had elapsed the two friends effected a hasty exit on their relief by the Corporal on duty, and proceeded to their dug-out to spend a well earned two hours' rest. By the time a dixie full of hot café au lait had been prepared, it was almost time to go on duty again.

A few minutes before the hour, the voice of the relieving Corporal was heard at the top of the dug-out stairs.

"Please turn out, gentlemen—almost time to go on—very sorry to disturb you. Just when you're ready." Quite often the Corporal

brings along a can of hot tea and a bun for his men, about midnight.—We don't think.

The reliefs required no second bidding, however, and in a few brief seconds were standing by the Corporal's side, rifle in hand, ready to accompany him to their post. After a short duck walk parade, they found themselves again trying to pierce the gloom beyond the barbed wire, when the conversation was resumed in an almost inaudible tone.

"Hoo are ye feelin', Tam?"

"Oh, no sae bad—gey sleepy."

"Could ye go a guid feed?"

"Whit? I should say so. Abcoot a pun o' ham and hauf a dizen eggs, an' a plate o' parritch."

"They say the first fower years o' this'll be the worst!"

"Whit—Fower years?"

"Ay—Kitchener said that at a spree."

"Dae ye think he kens aught aboot it?"

"Oh—A dinna ken."

"Dae ye think he wis ever on this job?"

"Naw, A'm dam sure he wisna."

Here the conversation lapsed for a short time.

"Are ye sleepin', Tam?"

"Naw—Dry up"

"Are ye sleepin', Jimmie?"

"Naw—whit time is it?"

"Hie, Tam, dinna gang to sleep."

"A richt. Is it no aboot time we wur gettin' relieved?"

"Naw—Ye've an hour an' a hauf to gang yit."

"Dam!"

"Waken up man—Ye'll be shot!"

"Whit aboot it."

"Fur guidness sake, waken up."

"A richt."

After what appeared like an eternity, the Corporal appeared to relieve them.

"Hoo dae ye like that job?"

"Oh, no bad, but A wish the war wis feenished!"

"Nae word o' it bein' feenished yit?"

J. T. S.



Memory.

OH Memory, whose golden accents sweet
Re-echo down the vale of yesterdays,
Into thy clear grey eyes I love to gaze,
Within whose depths both joy and sorrow meet.
Oft-times while sitting on my pleasant seat,
Beneath the shelter of the leafy maze
Of some old monarch of the woodland ways,
I hear the mellow music of thy feet;
Then quickly do I lay aside my book
And follow quick wherever thou dost go,
By well-worn paths to some beloved nook
Wherein the sweet forget-me-nots do grow,
But chiefly to that spot beside the brook
Where first love's dear enchantment I did know.

R. B.

Dug-Outs.

I.

JUST listen to me
And you will agree
That we're merry and happy, no doubt ;
And then you will say,
" Oh ! isn't he gay "
When I tell you about our dug-out.

II.

It's a hole in the ground,
By props it's made sound,
And the mud all around it smells good.
We've mud at our meals,
So gritty it feels,
For it constitutes part of our food !

III.

The dug-outs have walls
That spell water-falls,
And the roof rains its torrent in tune.
And when we lie down
On mud that is brown,
Then we bail out our beds with a spoon !

IV.

Our seats are our packs,
No support to our backs,
And our table a sandbag or two.
Our wardrobe a space
In the walls of the place,
That the rats go scampering through !

V.

The " staircase " is low,
And we bow as we go,
And most time we're down on our knees.
We slip and we slide
Like the wild Gaby glide,
Then we land in a lump on the cheese !

VI.

But don't you forget,
You can make a sure bet
On our life being cheery and gay,
For though we may grouse,
We'll stick our mud house,
Till exchanged for the one o'er the way !

T. C.



Drawn by

Christmas Eve in "The South Beach" Lounge.

Pte. J. M'K. Thomson.



MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

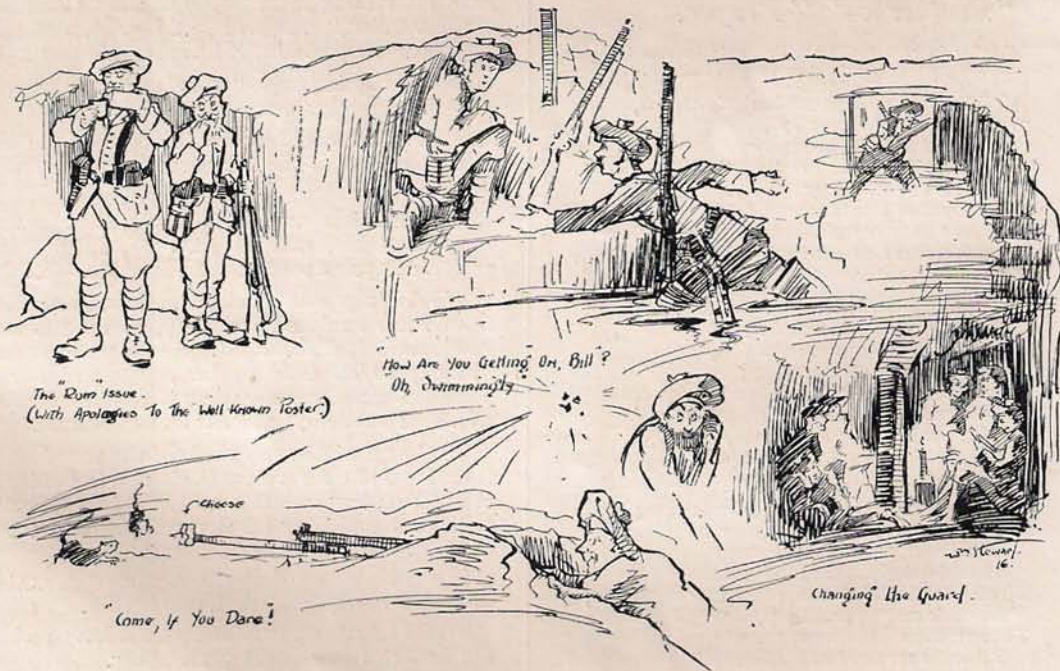
Perhaps you expect me to tell you how the war is going on out here, and all about the straffing. But I am sorry to say I can't. I am afraid of the censor. And besides I have not seen a Glasgow paper for a few days. They know all about it. If you want to know all about it too, just you read these newspapers. Then you will know exactly what is not happening.

But I will tell you a few little tales which you don't require to believe unless you like. In the first place, the Bosches have suffered a serious loss. Last month I told you about the kindly old caretaker, Johnny Allemand they called him. At least, so our predecessors called him. Well, he is dead now. He died of old age, and

his son has now got his job, and is holding the German line. And so, of course, things are much livelier here now, because the new watchman is much younger. He is only about eighty and is making things quite hot for us. That is why you see this district referred to occasionally in the Press Bureau reports now.

No doubt you would like to hear a little about some of the more serious things we do. Well, I will tell you. Do you remember the night operations at Totley—which were devised purely to annoy us and keep us out of Sheffield at night. We all marched up to the top of a hill and we all marched down again. Of course we went fea'ly quietly and extended, and so on. Well, that is what we did here one night, but we had a rest, when we were extended here on the hill for about seven hours. Luckily the night watchman was asleep, but he got a fearful surprise when he woke in the morning and found what we had done. And he has been very wild about it ever since.

Now, some of the folks at home are very worried about the description of the trenches which I gave last month. Well the trenches are greatly improved now, and we are becoming quite proud of them. At present they are only paved with wooden duck walks, but when we get them laid with nice gravel, and have grass plots and flower beds on the parapets, they will be quite pretty. The barbed wire will all be



Drawn by

Pte. Wm. Stewart.

painted too, and there will be wee refreshment rooms, just like Rouken Glen.

So, if the folks at home send us a few packets of flower seeds we will see what we can do in the way of flowers and even fruit. A tree for growing tinned pears would be very nice. Perhaps it would take too long to grow. The war might be finished before then—or worse even—we might make an advance. That would not be so nice. So we might just give them the hint to send tinned pears instead of waiting.

There is another suggestion I have heard for beautifying the trenches. There should be a wee café here and there. It would be so much more genteel to take your rum in a select café than to vulgarly pass* a tin mug from man to man along a trench.

That is one point where we score by being out here. We get our "morning" quite early—that is if we do get it. We don't need to wait till mid-day as they do at home now.

All the same I think we would be quite glad to put up with even that hardship if we had the chance.

Your loving

UNCLE JAMES.

*A split infinitive! Oh, Jimmy!—Ed.



The "Featherbed's" Prayer.

"Blighty" is the term used by soldiers to indicate an injury or illness sufficiently severe to necessitate a trip to England.

NOT for the Sergeant-Major's crown,
Nor D.C.M. nor V.C.
Not even for glory or renown,
Or fame "là haut" or "ici,"
Not for these empty gauds I pray,
Oh Lord of Hosts most mighty—
In mercy hear my plaint this day,
Look down and send me "Blighty."

'Midst storm and stress I daily toil,
My dreary fate lamenting,
I sleep on straw or common soil,
Beneath an Army tenting;
Thou know'st 'tis hard on one who's used
To sleeping suit, or "nighty,"
Oh, let me be no more abused,
In mercy send me "Blighty."

Thou know'st my pain and anguish sore,
How long in woe and sadness,
I've suffered, till but little more
Would drive me into madness.
Stretch forth Thine arm, make cease this war,
So dark and dynamite-y,
Then in the shelf'ring shade of peace
I'll have no need of "Blighty."

A. K.

Our Canteen.

OUR Canteen is a sort of "Universal Provider," wrought under the auspices of the Colonel and managed by a salesman from each Company, under the guidance of a Lance-Corporal.

The last mentioned, with the aid of a cycle, travels daily round the country procuring stores at the wholesale depots of the E.F.C. (Expeditionary Force Canteen), which are scattered at intervals miles behind the firing line. The stores are in the form of tinned fruit, chocolate, milk in tins, biscuits, cigarettes, and all sorts and kind of foods in tabloid form or in tins.

We do such a trade as would make the most prosperous of our grocers at home turn green with envy, and it would be indiscreet to quote figures in these days of economy preaching.

Ours are such as would raise the wrath of Mr. Asquith, or give Mr. Lloyd George a sleepless night, and we have as many empty fruit tins any evening as would fill a Glasgow tramcar.

We believe in small profits, or to be more accurate, none at all.

Any little surplus of cash that may accrue from discount on invoices goes for the extra messing of the men in the way of hot soups served as supper. The Canteen is not the least interesting department of the "Commercial Battalion," and, as in all branches of this temporary experience, it has much humeur.

But as Kipling says, "That's another story," so must be told at some future date.

Perhaps we could attribute a goodly portion of our success to the fact that we pay no rent or taxes.

Our premises are any old, wrecked house, barn or stable, and we look upon any place with a rainproof roof as most suitable.

We don't grouse much if an occasional shell from Fritz lands on our shop, so long as our goods are left undamaged. So far we have one branch, which isn't so bad, you will agree, considering we are only three weeks in existence as a business firm, but it is 'some' branch.

Stationed within 100 yards of the trenches, it is an ideal site for a shop (although in reality it is a modest little wooden hut), and in a splendid position for picking up the ready-money trade of the trench "Mess Orderlies."

When Napoleon designated us as "A nation of shopkeepers," the truth was in him.

While I write an unfriendly shell has wrecked our branch! We shall get another.

"VEDDERS."

Trench Travelling.



IT is quite evident that professors of dancing and deportment have entirely omitted from their curriculum anything which may be of assistance to members of the military profession in acquiring the art of traversing trenches. Having carefully weighed the matter up, we have come to the conclusion that exponents of the art of tight rope walking and those of roller skating are quite free from blame.

Let us therefore briefly indicate a few of the difficulties which beset the trench traveller. Firstly, let us take the case of a first class trench, *i.e.*, one which is laid with duck boards, over which the safest course to take is to do the goose step. This, however, owing to the treacherous greasiness of the aforesaid paving, may end in the turkey trot or some hitherto nameless terpsichorean outrage.

A second class trench is paved with duck boards which, however, have been submerged. Undoubtedly the best method of progress along such a trench is the Charlie Chaplin method, which enables the walker to discover the end of the duck board, gaps between duck boards, or holes, without mishap, and also to make his way round traverses with extreme skill.

The trenches of the third class are those which contain water to the depth of two or three feet, and are quite innocent of duck boards. In the absence of rafts the only way to proceed is to recall the joys of Gourock when the heart was young, and carry on.

To get words to describe the other types of trenches one has to descend to the realms of Tartarus. Half way through the muck the weary traveller surveys the parapet with longing eyes, but a wholesome respect for

malicious individuals of the Hun tribe, called snipers, kills the thought. Gentlemen have been known to emerge from this journey minus a gum boot which has been rather large for the foot it encased. Others again have to receive the attention of a corps of the R.E. with their excavating tools, angle irons, sand-bags, and inexhaustible energy before the journey or voyage is safely accomplished.

From these few remarks perhaps the calisthenic experts will realise that, to cope with the new requirements, a vigorous policy along fresh lines is essential. The new curriculum must include lessons on acrobatics, the arts of contortion, walking on the hands, high stepping and long jumping.

A. M.



Drawn by

"Resting on the Supports."

Pte. Thomson.

As Ithers See Us.

LOCHGELLY, 27th January, 1916.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I'm gled tae hear yer back safe frae the trenches and are hacin' a bit o' a rest. I hear yer noo intae the swing o' things, but yon nicht when yer N.C.O.'s came up tae get instructions frae us wus the tare o' oor lives. We led them a fair dance, and nearly pit the fear o' daith on some o' them; but they stuck it a' richt—ay an' stuck in it tae. They came in wi' as mony bundles on their backs as if they wur goin' tae stey in the trenches fur the duration o' the war. Whit wi' twa pair o' buits tied roun' their necks, twa or three shirts, hauf a dizzen pair o' socks an' a dizzen o' thae swanky hankies, they had as muckle claes as ye wud find in ony hosiery shope in Kirkcaldy. Yin toffy sairgent, wi' eyeglasses, awfu' well spoken, in fac' just like ony officer, says tae me, "I say, old man, where are those bally Germans?" "Guid sakes," says I, "dae ye think we keep them chained up in oor dug-outs?"

The puir souls kept mairching up and doon thae trenches till I was fair vexed fur them. Yin o' them wis trying tae squeeze hissel through a nairra pairt o' the trenches and wis slippin' a' ower it. "Here," says I, "Dicht the glaur aff yon bit o' stick and use it as a prop." I nearly had a fit when he tellt me it was his rifle!

Whatna mess! I've seen us gettin three year fur less. It wis gey funny tae see ye posting yer sentries. A gaird at near every traverse. Says I tae wur Sairgeant-Major, "It'll no' be lang afore they'll be daeing the same as us. A man coming oot noo and then frae his dug-oot tae see that thae Alleman boys are no' coming ower tae pinch wur rum, an' scartin' thur hauns (?) on wur barbed wire!" Yin o' yer officers wis a fair treat. I nearly tramped on his fingers as he was coming alang the trench. Says I tae him, "Hae ye lost onything, sir?" "Sh! Who goes?" says he, a' o' a trummle, "Only yin o' the Black Watch, sir." "Oh dear," says he, wiping the sweet aff his broo, "you gave me a terrible fright. By the way, what is the meaning of these red, blue, yellow and green lights." "Whaur, sir?" says I. "Over there," says he. "Ach," says I, "Them's no lights, them's rats' een!" "Good gracious," says he, and he ran roun the traverse like a Lochgelly whuppet.

It wis a caution to see you boys going about there wi' yer cap comforters, mitts and woollen gloves, and a blanket roun yer shooders. Says I tae the Sairgeant-Major, "They divna ken when they're weel aff. They shud hae been with us at Festubert. Three months without a bite o' breed, and us leeving aff berries, just gaithering them aff the bushes." When yer hale Company came in we were in an awfu' fix, a hunner strong, and we hadnae enough dug-oots



Drawn by



Pte. R. Birrell.

MUSKETRY TERMS—II. THE DOUBLE PULL.

fur a platoon. Ye see oor Company wis only fifty strong. Yin officer and twa N.C.O.'s. Only me and the Sargeant-Major left oot o' the original Company. We had lost a' the ithers at Festubert.

Fower times ower the parapet during the big chairge. Mun, yon wur the days. You yins are in a saft bit o' the line the noo. Naething but whizz bangs, pip-squeaks, machine guns, aerial torpedoes, trench mortars, and a bomb noo and again jist to keep ye awake.

May be ye'll hae a mine exploding under you and a shoor o' shrapnel, but wait till yer up aboot Festubert, whaur we had the big chairge. Fower times ower the——. I hae telt ye that afore, did I no? Ye were awfu prood o' yoursels when ye thoct ye were gairding the hale line wi' yer row o' sentries, and there we wur' hauding the blooming (!) line for you with a listening post.

I only met yin o' you that I kent, a man cawd Rab Smith. Says I tae him, "Ye're frae Fife." "Ay," says he. "Whit dae ye ca' yersel," says I. "Rab Smith," says he. "I thought so," says I. "A'm weel acquaint with yer sister's guidman. Gie's yer haun. Whit pairt o' Fife dae ye come frae?" "Frae Kirkcaldy," says he. "Gie's yer twae hauns, I hae met Kirkcaldy men afore."

Ye see, it's aye safer to keep a grup o' baith hauns when ye meet onybody frae Kirkcaldy.

But that's gaun awa' frae the subject. I met yon Sergeant with the eyeglasses, I think he must hae been a student or something genteel like, for I says tae him, "You chaps will hae a job when you get lousy." "Get what?" says he, wondering like. "Get bugs!" says I, angry at his ignorance. "Oh, I see," says he, "and what do you men do?" "Ach," says I, "we just lift oor kilts and pick them aff wi' oor fingers."

Mun, he wis fair shocked and turned quite seek lookin'. Yin o' the funniest sights was when your men staired firing ower the parapet. You should hae seen oor men diving intae thur dug-oots and shoving oot their feet fur a "blightly." I hear yin o' the Gordons was awfu' successful at the game.

You wur awfu' fashed aboot a wee taste o' glaur on yer claes, but you should hae seen us at Festubert when we were up to oor een (?) in it, and had tae chairge wi' oor kilts ower oor heids. But takin' it a' ower you did no sae bad, and maybe (if ye are awfu' lucky) ye micht hae us up along wi' ye when ye do yer great advance, jist to pit some back bane, as ye micht say, intae yer battalion.

Guid luck to ye all.

So long,

YIN O' THE BLACK WATCH.

Too Late.

To those eligibles who have made necessary the Military Service Bill, and who have been boomed by certain sections of the Press as only less than heroes.

With apologies to the shade of Wordsworth.

HE was a soldier self-declared
And of the kind not made but born,
From infancy he always dared
To hold the coward up to scorn;
Even as a child his chief delight
Was breaking windows, pulling bells,
Or playing clockwork late at night,
And such like childish 'sells.

And he grew up an ardent youth,
A sort of modern Don Juan,
With fearless disregard for truth
And equal disrespect for man:
For he developed even then
A 'pendant' for the 'flappers' who
Would stop and parley with him when
They'd nothing else to do.

And in his teens he flatly fell
Head over ears in love with one
Whose charms were such as none could tell
(A goddess underneath the sun).
But she did *not* reciprocate
As pretty sweetings ought to do,
And unrequited love or hate
Quite changed his point of view.

So when he came to man's estate
He posed as a misogynist,
Despising Mary, Nan and Kate,
He joined a club and played at whist.
A sort of hermit's life he led
So far as woman was concerned,
And she might well have thought him dead,
Deep buried or interned.

But Fate was working out a plan
By which our hero might redeem
An empty life, and be a man—
None other than the Derby Scheme.
He's now attested, in a group,
And in the Army's tender care,
A very promising recruit
The newspapers declare.

He is a soldier print-declared
And of the kind not born but made,
Long, long ago he might have dared
Had we but called a spade a spade.
Conscription driving in the nail
To cleave the Kaiser's uncrowned head,
Damme it is a sadder tale
Than all the mourned-for dead!

J. L. H.

✻ ✻ ✻
CONTRASTS.

Scene—Army Canteen.

A (with a West-End touch)—"Can I have a piece of 'Cike' (cake) please?"
B—"Gi'es a bit o' bun."



FRANCE.

FEBRUARY, 1916.

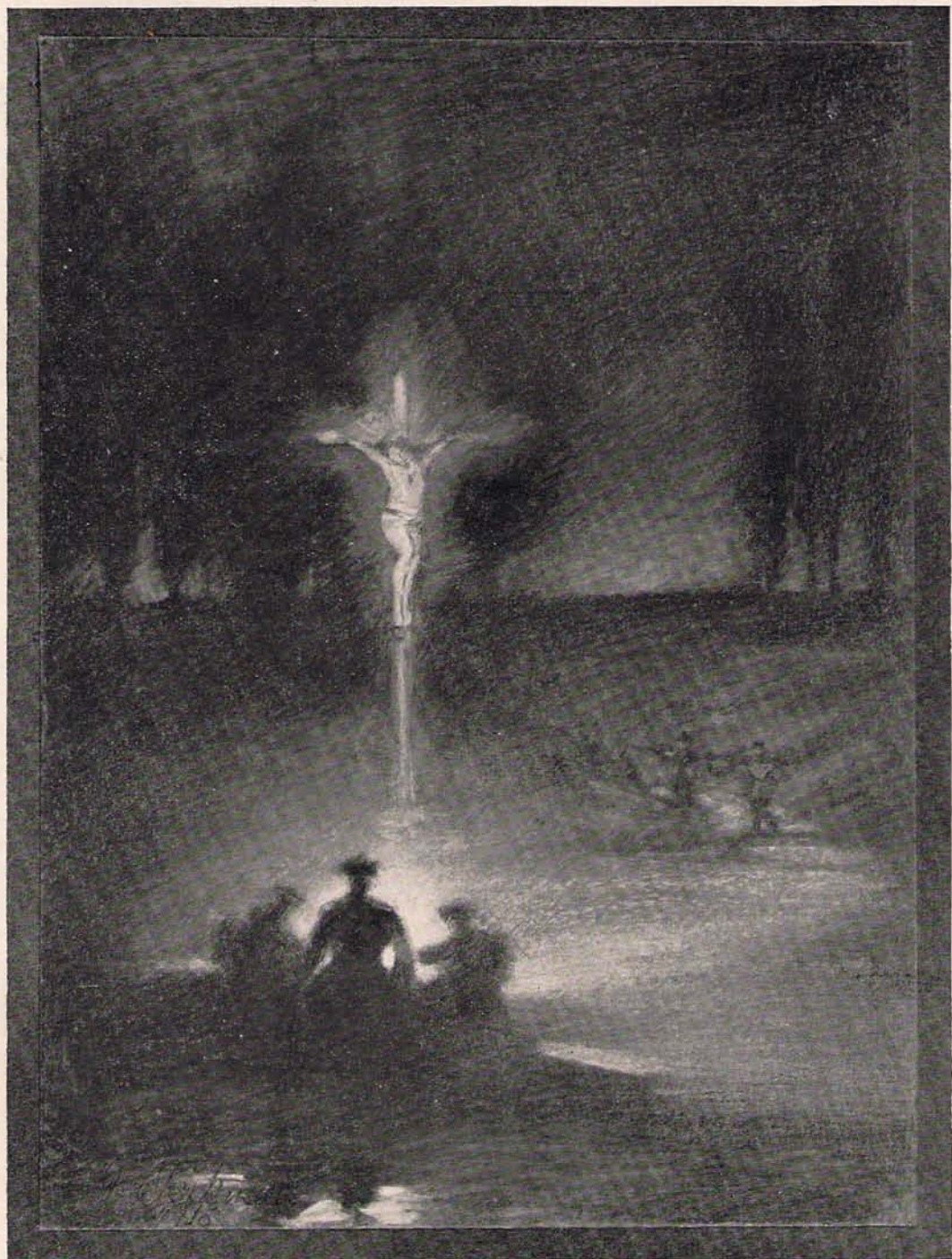
All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

AND what applies to Jack applies with equal force to Tommy. He is kept at it for days on end, doing strenuous fatigues in the hours when he is not on sentry duty, and only snatching sleep when the exigencies of the situation will allow, for the safety of the line must always come before personal comfort. Such is our life. At first we might have been appalled at the conditions in which we were forced to "live and move and have our being." We did not expect a bed of roses, but our wildest dreams of muddy trenches faded into insignificance beside the awful realities of that first experience. Nothing we had ever seen or heard of could prepare us for that terrible initiation period, when we encountered more difficulties and hardships than we had ever "dreamt of in our philosophy." There is nothing tries body and spirit more than struggling along a trench waist deep in pluck-sapping mud in full marching order, and the young lecturer, who addressed the Ripon Battalion on bayonet fighting, spoke with more truth than perhaps he knew when he said, "I promise you, one *must* be fit." But even during those early days (December, 1915), our innate good spirits could not be suppressed, and in spite of the trying experiences, the men one met in one's peregrinations were invariably cheerful and good-humoured. To this end we were greatly helped by the men of other Battalions whom we relieved. In this connection we would like to express our deep sense of gratitude to the Scots Territorials (Black Watch, Gordons, Rifles and Royal Scots) whom we met, and whose cheery philosophy and fortitude were and remain the admiration of us all. They gave us a hearty welcome (the hicht o' hospitality) and left us their glorious example.

The conditions of trench life have been steadily improving since then, and now we live in comparative comfort. In addition to this change for the better we are settling down to

the life. The conditions at first were inclined to take our breath away, and we couldn't find any time to devote to the social side of our life. But now that we have had time to adapt ourselves to the new conditions, social activities are springing up everywhere. Of course we have never been without our happy evenings in billet or dug-out when we "sing a song or tell a story," but now we are getting right into the swing of things and are blossoming forth with football matches and full-fledged concerts. We have risen superior to our environment, for we are as irrepressible as ever. Early in the year there was a "smoker" in a disused billiard room which was received with an *Oliver Twist*-like demand for more. About the same time a football match, in which C Company team beat B Company team by 3 goals to *nil*, delighted the players and the onlookers—those who had escaped inclusion in all of the many working parties required of us then. A few days ago C Company team beat a team from the Brigade Headquarters by 7 goals to *nil*, and on the same day thirty members of B Company took part in a rugger game which attracted a large and illustrious crowd of spectators, and provided them with much merriment. Since then there have been two Company Concerts and a Battalion Concert in "the big barn," all of which received the appreciation they so well deserved. There is no doubt about it, life out here is pretty much what we make it, and we, who always make the best of everything, never let the thought of war interfere with our enjoyment.

Every member of the British Expeditionary Force is a confirmed optimist, and his constant endeavour is to extract as much fun from the life as he possibly can. But what gets our backs up is the unaccountable behaviour of certain parts of the community at home. We do not feel inclined to open a discussion here on Trade-Unionism, self-seeking partisanism or



Drawn by

CRUCIFIX CORNER, SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

Corpl. J. Chapman

pessimism. But can our soi-disant labour men imagine what would happen if Tommy were to lower himself sufficiently to strike as one man for the same rate of pay as is enjoyed by workers at any other occupation which has the same percentage death-rate? Have our axe-grinding politicians any idea of the consequences that would follow if Tommy were to think as much of his own interests and welfare as some politicians do? Do our confirmed pessimists ever give a thought to the appalling results an epidemic of pessimism would have in the B.E.F.? But, as we have maintained, Tommy is a confirmed optimist. He has complete confidence in our ultimate success, but the self-interested unpatriotic behaviour of certain people at home does not escape his notice:

"Tommy aint a bloomin' fool,
You bet that Tommy sees!"

It is probably this very distinction between the disinterested Tommy and the selfish man at home that makes Tommy the happy man he

is. We have been trying lately to account for the eternal optimism and undisturbed happiness of the soldier in the field, and can come to no other conclusion. He knows he is not here in his own interests, for his own benefit in any sense of the word, and, quite unconscious of its reason, he reaps the reward for his sacrifice in an easy conscience and a feeling of hope for the future. That is the result of our analysis of the anomaly of the happy sufferer and the miserable egotist;—all unknown to him the man who makes the sacrifice rises to the highest possible height in human attainment. Of course the soldier never disturbs himself with such thoughts, he simply does his bit and thinks no more about it, but all the time he is being repaid by a benevolent Providence: his unselfish service brings its reward unnoticed, but its effect on the soldier is to make him the confirmed optimist he is, while he remains sublimely oblivious and unconscious, both to the sacrifice and to the reward.



Drawn by

In a well-known 'Watering' Place on New Year's Day.

Pte. J. M.K. Thomson.



Photo by

Sergt. A. G. Deans.

SUNSET OVER ARRAN.



The "Faux Pas."

A TRUE STORY OF THE TRENCHES.

MIDST the dim twilight and rain-sodden air,
 'Twixt the dark trench walls piled high
 overhead,
 Slow the "reliefs" marched, the star shells' green
 flare
 Shewed the path, wet like some deep river bed.
 Down by the loop-hole, pressed close to the side,
 'Sniping,' it seemed, at some venturesome foe,
 Crouched a dim figure, the foot outstretch'd wide
 Tripped the first man; made him lurch to and fro.

"Damn you, you blighter," the injured one cried,
 "Curse you, you idiot, why can't you look out?"
 "Hush," said his mate, "see!" the man stepped
 aside,
 Looked—then spoke trembling in fear and in
 doubt.

"God, lad! why didn't you stop me before?"
 Pale and with ashen lips quiv'ring, he said:
 "Lord send me mercy, 'twill weigh on me sore,
 'Cursin' and swearin' like that—at the Dead."

A. K.

To a Thrush in Flanders.

WAR-MOCKING sprite, bird of Apollo's soul,
 Are you so blessed as one-at-arms believes?
 Compassion uselessly compels the toll
 Of tears for minstrelsy that never grieves;
 Yet happiness is best set ever high
 Beyond the falling in dullest moods,
 And you're a mellow pipe of such a kind
 That never flutes awry,
 But hymns the genius of the shattered woods,
 In full investiture of gayest mind.

Sing as you will, still will I hear your song:
 My heart has music when it has its ease—
 A harp Æolian whose notes belong
 More to the mountains than these Flanders leas.
 Soft alien winds may touch responsive chords,
 And ears of strangers like its native airs,
 But broken melodies possess its strings,
 And war empasioned words
 Rise at the touch, whose martial crash impairs
 The tongue of bards to tell sad happenings.

'Tis happiness interprets happy things,
 But sadness always hears Niobe's tears
 Fall tinkling when Philomela sings,
 As though 'twere Psyche mourning lonely years.
 O, that your vision were upon mine eyes,
 Haply tall palaces sublimed with gold,
 Where lovely maidens smile in indolence
 To bright and beamy skies,
 Where young Romance and Chivalry of old
 Drowse in an air blown faint with frankincense,

Or see you mountain peaks, those dear, dear hills,
 The Arran hills, the hills where Maidie strays,
 Where thy fair tribe the budding birchwood fills
 With vernal music and Spring roundelays?
 See you the greening moors and radiant earth
 Put forth to heaven their sacrificial flowers,
 Assume divinity and procreate,
 And fill the forest bowers;
 Or see the roseate north with wondrous birth
 Suffuse the fields and Flora reinstate?

Are you the fay that mocked at Winter's feet
 In bleak November from the shot-torn bough,
 Come here again to sing the old songs sweet,
 Unchanged, to cheer me in the trenches now?
 Why are you here, why are you not away
 To greet the Scottish blooms, or staying here
 Tune songs so sad that all the men might sue
 At your melodious woe,
 To know your grief, then, tendering their cheer,
 Might set you home to her and love her too!

H.



SPELLER of the stones and weeds,
 Skilled in Nature's crofts and creeds,
 Tell me what is in the heart
 Of the smallest of the seeds?
 God Almighty, and with Him
 Cherubim and Seraphim,
 Filling all Eternity,
 Adonai Elohim.

G. K. C.

Burns' Nicht Concert

HELD

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE,"

25th January, 1916.

Lieutenant-Colonel D. S. MORTON, V.D.,
Presiding.

At the Piano—Private A. Wooley.
Sergeant A. Y. Robertson.
Private G. Forrest.

Piano,	Popular Airs.
...	Private A. Wooley.
Song,	"Ae Fond Kiss."
...	Piper C. Galloway.
Song,	"Duncan Gray."
...	Corporal Abercrombie.
Reading,	"Excelsior."
...	Private A. D. H. Simpson.
Song,	"My Love is like a Red, Red Rose."
...	Corporal R. Erskine.
Song,	"She is the Lass for Me."
...	Corporal G. Robertson.
Song,	"The Bedouin Love Song."
...	L.-Corporal G. K. Paterson.
Song,	"The Nut-Brown Maid."
...	Private Angus McLean.
Song,	"My Old Shako."
...	Private R. Herbert.
Reading,	Humorous.
...	Sergeant A. M. Cohen.
Song,	"Young Tom of Devon."
...	Private J. Glen.
Song,	"Veteran's Song."
...	Private W. A. Grandison.
Song,	Humorous.
...	Private T. M. McNair.
Song,	"Thora."
...	L.-Corporal H. L. McCallum.
Duet,	"Watchman, what of the Night?"
...	Piper Galloway and Private Grandison.

It was absolutely inevitable, or nearly so. Not that it might not have happened, but it ought to have happened, everybody thought it ought to have happened, and happen it did. And on what better night! It was no mere accident that synchronised the eve of our concert with the anniversary of Robert Burns. True, there was no whisky (not even rum), no haggis (not even soup), but everyone could partake *ad libitum* of the quintessence of the Immortal Memory itself. By an inscrutable decree it had been ordained that we should celebrate the anniversary of our national poet in a quiet little village behind the firing line. Inscrutable, advisedly, for had we not been compelled to wish each other a Merry Xmas and

a Guid New Year in trenches that might well have banished joy and defeated time. But so it was. On the night of the 25th January we found ourselves immensely at ease and in the best of spirits, immune from an attack in front, and secure, for a time at least, from that ubiquitous alarm associated with empty water-bottles and uneatable emergency rations.

Undoubtedly there was an atmosphere. Burns in a Barn. Equally true, there was another atmosphere—a brazier in the barn. The smoke rose, the fumes penetrated, the air thickened. One spoke in inarticulate whispers, with a catch in the voice, in guttural monotone. Some choked, ostensibly, a few spat, and the N.C.O.'s fingered their gas-helmets nervously. Breathless we all awaited that critical moment, expressed algebraically by the point in which the X asymptote touches the Y axis, when human life would succumb, a natural victim to unnatural suffocation,—when a voice called out peremptorily, and with a courage surpassing its clarity, "Put the bl— thing out." The brazier was summarily ejected, and shortly afterwards the Colonel, followed by the Curée who had kindly and gratuitously given us his piano, and a number of the Official Staff (we now apologise for the unfortunate ungrammatical juxtaposition) made their entrance. At the same moment, witness the rise of the curtain.

A few popular airs on the piano, chorused by the men in khaki, were rendered even more popular by an item offered by a select coterie, without warning or accompaniment. Sung to the tune of Alexander's Rag-time Band (or was it Dixie Land?), we repeat it for the benefit of our dear maiden-aunts at home who know of no other Alexander than the renowned Conqueror, who wot of no other army than Kitchener's Boys, and who are altogether ignorant of dioxies.

"You ought to join,
You ought to join,
You ought to join Fred Karno's Army,
Seven bob a week and (*censored*) all to eat,
Hobnailed boots and blistered feet.
Come on and join,
Come on and join,
Come on and join Fred Karno's Army.
Forming fours and marking time—
Left, right, left, right, all the blessed time,
Come on and join,
Come on and join,
Come on and join Fred Karno's mob!"

As you can well imagine, this little innovation, coming as it did with an air of novelty, put us all distinctly at our ease, and even the Curée ceased to look fastidious. So it was to a uniformed audience wreathed in uniform smiles that gallant Piper Galloway stepped on the platform over a soap box, and took advantage



of our better natures by repeating in song the innumerable miseries and disappointments of "Ae Fond Kiss." Kissing is quite out of a soldier's line and the knowing piper should have known better. But we condoned the fault and enjoyed the song. Any gloomy despondency that might have set in as a result of philosophising on the "might have been" was quickly dispersed by the appearance on the platform of Corporal Abercrombie, who lilted the wooing of "Duncay Gray" in irreproachable style, were it not for a too assiduous application to a scrap of paper. How useful a scrap of paper is in 'these here parts' we all recognise, but we cannot but think that the Corporal might have done well to commit his lines to memory. A universal feeling of relief was evident when Private A. D. H. Simpson stood before us and announced his "Excelsior" *without* portfolio and *with* variations. Indisputably, he was good.

Excelsior!

(WITH VARIATIONS).

THE shades of night were
falling fast,
As through an Alpine village
passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow
and ice,
A banner with the strange
device—
Excelsior!

17TH H.L.I.

By Jove, the night was somewhat black
As we moved out towards the attack;
Where we were going, no one could tell
All we could say was, "Well! well!! well!!!
It's a nuisance!"

BLACK WATCH.

By Goad! Hae ye min' o' Festubert?
Yon was a blunner, that's a cert;
For there was nae ammuneection,
And the men went tae perdeeetion—
Na-poo!

THE HUN.

Ach! mein freund dis var ve lose,
Gif mir ein auder trink of booze,
Und den across de line I pop,
Und, mit ein smile, gif meinsel oop—
"Kamarad!"

A. D. H. S.

As the reporters say, his performance was marked by histrionic ability and dramatic power. We think he will go far; some day perhaps he will go even farther than the firing trench. He received an encore, and was audacious enough to hold the mirror up to Tommy Atkins himself. We know we are 'the great unwashed,' and we can only appreciate a looking-glass at the point of a bayonet. Besides the theme is hackneyed. With Corporal Erskine we returned to our National Bard, and the familiar smile of the evergreen "Red, Red Rose." We have heard him do much better, and even making all due allowance for acoustics, piano, atmosphere and general irritability, he fell far short of our expectations. Everyone knew he could sing, and sing he can, and we cannot account for a wide-spread feeling of disappointment, unless it be that the requisite inspiration to be derived from "loves" and "roses red" could not be raised on nothing. There is no yeast for the loaf of love in the empty cupboards of a hard and horny people. Be that as it may, there is not the least doubt about the striking success of Corporal Robertson. He was dam funny. We congratulate him on his appearance. Indeed, it is not at all improbable that she is the lass for him. Encored he was to the echo, and in his next contribution he appeared without disguise. We think no end of his reading of "Tam o' Shanter,"



involving as it did, a piece of rare and retentive memory work, combined with a keen and realistic interpretation of the hair-raising adventure of the intrepid Tam. There was only one slight aberration, but we were glad of it, for it gave us the opportunity of realising with pride how well our own Colonel knows his Burns. To have recited Tam o' Shanter on active service is to have done no mean justice to the shade of Burns, and it was with a sense of

satisfaction that we prepared to hear L.-Cpl. G. K. Paterson, who favoured us with "The Bedouin Love Song." He was at his excellent best. His appeal could not have been more impassioned nor his vows more sincere had he been supplicating in reality the lady of his thoughts. As it was, the barn seemed invested with a new interest and a new life, and the rafters, hitherto but a sullen mockery, now growing warmly responsive, took up the tale of romance, echoing over and over the rolling cadence:

"Till the sun grows cold,"

Fortunately such a distressing violation of natural law was indefinitely postponed, and we had the further pleasure of enjoying "Melisande" under normal conditions. "The song of the sorrow of Melisande is a weary song and a dreary song," rather slow at any rate for a full-blooded audience in khaki, but while we deplored this selection, we were delighted with his singing. Any mist that may have gathered to the eyes was immediately dispersed by Angus McLean. The man from Skye fairly took us by storm with his ardent and vigorous wooing of "The Nut Brown Maid," in his mother tongue—an extremely forcible language. We recommend it for use on the passive resister and the conscientious objector. We felt that if any of us had so much as looked at her, he would have annihilated us on the spot. All that was left for us to do was to applaud him heartily for his staunch guardianship of the fair one. He followed up the success gained in the Gaelic song by stirring our hearts with his account of the exploits and daring of the "Cameron Men." He persuaded us to hear the pibroch and scent the heather with him, and roused our Highland blood to fighting pitch. A lusty singer and a lusty fighter is Angus—a fine man to be going over the parapet with.

Private R. Herbert must be a re-incarnation. He is much too young to have worn an old Shako ten years ago, much less twenty, thirty, forty, fifty. However, he fully convinced us that he *had* had previous experiences in love and war (we wonder if he will get proficiency pay for it), and allowed us to sing the chorus with him, a privilege which we gladly accepted. We enjoyed it so much that we began to believe that we, too, had lived in the good old days when it was the fashion to kiss pretty girls promiscuously, and sally forth to war. But we don't, and if we were ever inclined to think so, the true facts of the case were brought forcibly to our notice by Sergeant Cohen. There is nothing we like better than having people poke fun at us; and he just stood up, pretending he was a Black Watch boy, and tickled us on all our weak spots. The latter were assembled before us "On Parade," and were duly examined,



inspected, reported and dismissed. We responded with roars of laughter at each sally. He also rallied the Highlanders on their penchant for dragging in Festubert, their Waterloo, into all their conversations, and, as we had all heard so much of it, the very word itself was sufficient to provoke a hearty laugh. With our risible faculties put on edge, we appreciated to the full the spirited rendering of "Young

Tom of Devon," by Private Glen. A capital song and well sung. Immediately following came the "Veteran's Song," but why on earth Private Grandison preferred to hear his own accompaniment (he must have heard it many times) rather than let us hear his song, we cannot understand. He has nothing to be ashamed of, far less to hide, and besides, the piano was the Curée's. A humorist from top to toe is Private McNair. We liked his face. His little parody, sung to the tune "There is a Happy Land," evoked our mirth and was highly appreciated. With commendable patriotism he chose as his encore, "Bonnie Wee Thing," but we were distressed to feel that all the time there was a struggle for predominance between the humorous and sentimental elements in his composition.

Seldom have we heard "Thora" so well sung as it was by L.-Cpl. McCallum, but we know he can sing other things, and in an age and in a circle in which Thora has been so often murdered we consider it a crime for a good vocalist (*who can sing other things*) to resurrect the poor girl and importune her dried bones to "Come and Speak to him." By the way, we still hope to hear that encore—next *Company* Concert please. At this stage Charlie Galloway must have thought it time to go home, for he interrupted Willie Grandison repeatedly in what appeared to be a pianoforte solo, to ask, "But Watchman, What of the Night?" Seriously, however, it was a taking bit of work and heartily enjoyed, and so was brought to an end the programme of one of the most pleasant and memorable concerts that have been organised and arranged within the Battalion. The proceedings terminated with the usual votes of thanks, the singing of the "Marseillaise" and "God Save the King."



A' ye wha like the crambo-clink,
The best o' intellectual salads,
Ye nicht dae muckle waur, we think,
Than gang and buy *Battalion Ballads*.

No Man's Land.

EVEN in the days of our training—days that now seem to be of the distant past—did the fascination of "No Man's Land" grip us. In imagination we pictured it; in imagination we stood on the parapet, gazing through our wire entanglements across the intervening space, across to that long line where, like ourselves, the Hun "keeps watch and ward." We longed for the day when we should see it in reality.

And the day has come!

Never shall we forget our impressions as, very cautiously, we peered over the parapet and surveyed the German lines for the first time. Everything there seemed preternaturally still. There was no sign of life, nothing to suggest the existence of an enemy. And yet, as one looked at the long, irregular line opposite, its grey outline rendered more sombre by the cold mist of a winter dawn, one felt chilled by the awful stillness.

But it is in the watches of the night that "No Man's Land" enthalls us. The darkness, like a mantle, seems to cover a world of mystery.

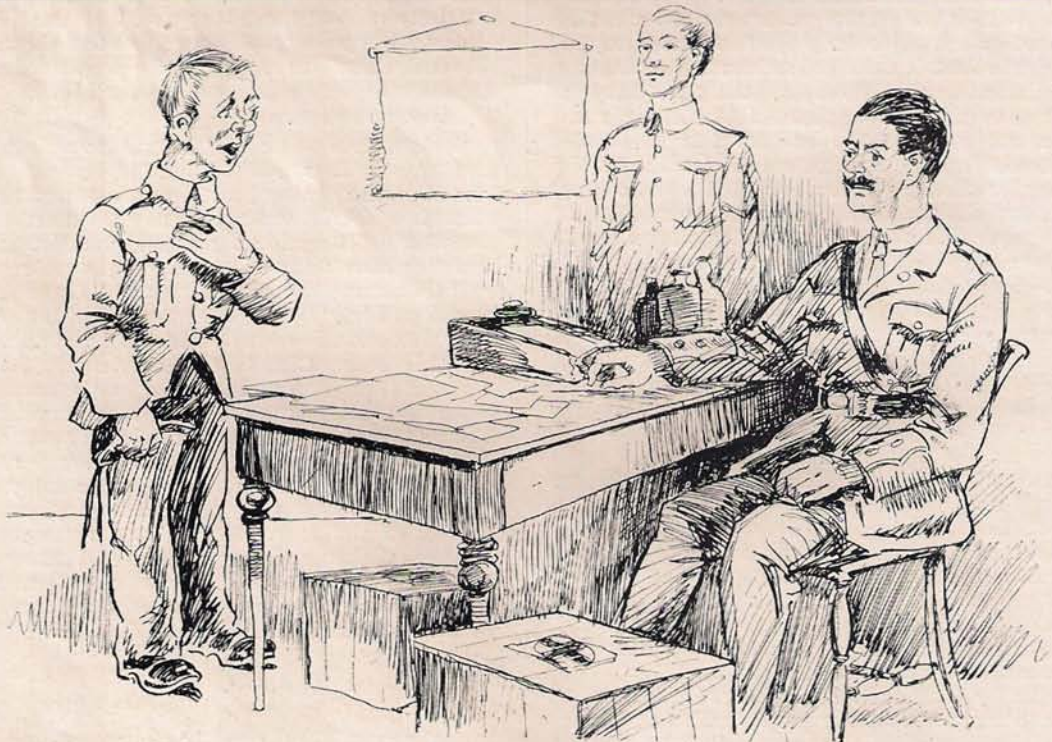
With head and shoulders above the parapet we gaze into the Stygian gloom. All our senses are alert. We hear the slightest sound; but hearing, we see not, and our imagination gets full rein.

The strain begins to tell on our eyes; they are becoming dimmed; the stakes of our wire entanglements, dimly discernible in front of us, take human shape. We are sure we see them move; they seem to incline one towards the other, and in fancy we hear their whispers.

Suddenly a flare light goes up in front of us, illuminating everything with a cold radiance. For a moment we are dazzled. As the flare reaches its zenith, and then, with a graceful curve, sweeps downwards we straighten ourselves and peer forward. We are all eyes.

A machine gun begins to spit, and as it sweeps our parapet with its deadly phut-phut, we duck our heads. But we are satisfied, for we have assured ourselves about those stakes.

The flare reaches earth; for a moment longer it burns brightly, and then goes out, once more plunging "No Man's Land" into darkness, the darkness that begets a weird mystery.



Drawn by

Sandy.—"A've a sore throat again, Sir."
 Doctor.—"See here! Do you sleep with your mouth open?"
 Sandy.—"Don't know, Sir; A'll have a look to-night."

Pte. R. Eirrell.

In a few short hours we shall have some of that mystery unfolded to us. We feel we stand on the threshold of discovery, for to-night we go over the parapet "on patrol." The minutes seem to linger. Anxiously we watch the clouds; will they blow over and leave everything illuminated by the moon which has yet a few hours to go?

At last the moment arrives. Cautiously we move along the sap and stealthily we thread our way through the maze of our barbed wire. How big and awkward our feet seem! A hundred unseen obstacles impede them. We stumble on, the fear gripping our hearts that we are making enough noise to waken the very dead.

Ultimately we are clear, and we sigh contentedly. We again get our instructions whispered to us, each takes up his allotted position, and with rifles and bayonets ready, with eyes that are straining to pierce the gloom, our little party moves off into the darkness of "No Man's Land."

We have a sense of relief to find ourselves walking on grass, in the open. After the deep, narrow trenches it is like a pleasant promenade.

In the death-like stillness the crackling of the dry stubble beneath our feet sounds alarmingly loud.

Suddenly a flare goes up. We throw ourselves flat on our faces. Eagerly we take advantage of the light to look around.

Once again all is in darkness, and rising we move forward. A black object to our right attracts attention. One of us advances towards it. We watch him bend over it. Soon he returns and whispers to us. We are satisfied and we do not linger, for our business is with the living, not with the dead. Only too well have we learned the significance of those dark specks, for we encounter others, past which we hasten.

Now and then we see a flash, and as a bullet sings somewhere overhead we involuntarily bend lower.

We have reached a roadway. For a space our way takes us along it, and as we walk we think of those barriers that shut it out from the world of men, except to such as we who, under cover of the darkness, steal along it like thieves in the night. How pathetic it looks, this road in "No Man's Land," leading from nowhere to

nowhere, uncared for and untended, with the grass fast growing over it and covering its stones.

A warning "Hist" causes us to throw ourselves down. For a time we lie flat, scarcely daring to breathe. Our eyes have become accustomed to the gloom. In front of us we see four or five specks. They are moving towards us. Cautiously we bring our rifles closer to us, our fingers on the safety catch. We find ourselves counting the odds for or against us.

"Halt!"

Clear in the night air goes forth the tensely whispered command. The specks cease to move. We see them throw themselves down and for a time we lie looking at each other. After what seems an age of waiting, one from each party rises and advances. The silence is most impressive. We watch them meet. We can hear their whispers. With a sigh of relief, for the tension has been great, we rise and advance. It is a friendly patrol. Eagerly we cluster round, peering into each others faces and whispering. It seems strange, this meeting between the lines.

But time presses and we move off with a whispered "Cheer-O," that salutation of the Tommy which means so much.

We have reached the limit of our patrol. Our object is accomplished, and quickly we retrace our steps. The sense of danger has become deadened. We are walking upright. In a short time we feel a gentle slope beneath our feet, and we know our own trenches are not far off.

Suddenly a machine gun opens fire. In the twinkling of an eye we are flat on our stomachs. But it has not got our range and the bullets fly harmlessly overhead. Soon the angry blast is over, and once more we rise and move on.

Our wire entanglements loom up before us. In single file we carefully move through them, and as we do so, a voice challenges us from ahead and we halt.

In a few seconds the necessary password has been given. The order is whispered to advance. We reach the parapet. With a sigh of satisfaction we crawl over, and once again are in the comparative security of our trenches.

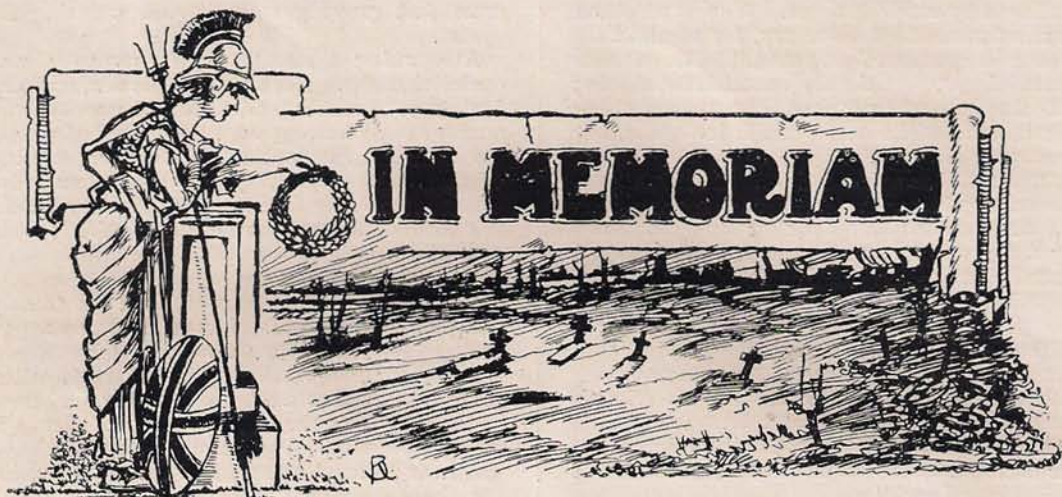
Our great adventure is over. W. S. C.



Drawn by

Cottages on the Troon Golf Course.

Sergt. J. Dodds.



Corporal WILLIAM HOUSTON,
D Company.

Not only in the section over which he held command, but also throughout the entire Battalion, a deep sense of sorrow and of loss was felt, when, on the morning of 3rd January, it became known that Corporal William



Houston, D Company, had fallen in the trenches, killed instantaneously by a bursting shell. Dying as he lived, in military harness, even at the moment of death he was making one of his periodic visits to the bomb-store, when he was struck down never to rise again.

Corporal William Houston—or 'Willie' as he was known affectionately to everyone—was not only a true friend of many of us, and a staunch comrade-in-arms, but a soldier of sterling quality. This had been early recognised, and, having been promoted to the rank of Corporal while still in training, his abilities were even more in evidence when the Battalion moved overseas, and his services as Bombing Corporal were well-nigh indispensable.

He was among the first to join the Battalion that came to know him so well, and he is the first of us to lay down his life for the common cause of King and Country. Throughout his long connection with the Battalion he maintained his place at the head, and in the heart of his section, many of whom hailed from his own native place, Kilbirnie. They could speak of him always as a soldier and a gentleman. He had many interests and activities in and outside the Battalion, not least of which was his fine appreciation and encouragement of things musical and literary. An ardent supporter of this Magazine, he himself contributed an interesting article in a recent issue, and was always kindly solicitous of its welfare and improvement.

On behalf of his many friends in the Battalion we extend our heart-felt sympathy to his home friends and relations, and particularly to his father, mother, sisters and brothers, who are left to mourn their loss.

Private W. ATKINSON.

No. 15,477, 10th Platoon, C Company.

It is with the deepest regret that we announce the death of Private William Atkinson, who was killed by a shell on the forenoon of Sunday, 16th January, 1916.

With an appalling, yet merciful suddenness, he was called from our midst, leaving us plunged in gloom. To us, his comrades, the sense of loss is very great.

In the far-off days at Gales, when we met for the first time, we early recognised his sterling qualities, qualities which, during all the days of our long training, became more evident and endeared him to us.

Nor did the trials and discomforts of Active Service find him wanting. At all times was he cheery. To a never-failing optimism in the face of all difficulties was added a devotion to duty which inspired us. We felt we could always count on him as our "pal."

To his sorrowing parents and family and to his fiancée we extend our heartfelt sympathy. May their sense of a cruel bereavement be tempered by the knowledge that he died nobly in the noblest of all causes.

Private ANDREW ROLLAND ADAM,
No. 15,225.

Although we cannot but expect that the sadness which war inevitably brings in its train



must be evident more and more amongst us, still, when a comrade-in-arms is killed in action and missed from our number, we feel it acutely.

It is with feelings of great sorrow that we tell of the death of Private Andrew Rolland Adam. He was killed instantaneously by a shell, fired while he was doing his duty as one of the number of a working party: doing work that is of great importance, and which carries with it the same proportion of danger as that of the garrison.

Private Adam was a member of the Battalion from the first, and his Paisley comrades will not forget that it was he who linked up into a party of friends the fellows from Paisley who had joined the 17th H.L.I. By a letter in the local newspaper he called us all together before we embarked upon our primary period of training in that small hall in Coplaw Street, off Victoria Road. That thoughtfulness on his part has had splendid results, for the Paisley boys have always been together since—in fact No. 15 Platoon of the Battalion, which from the first numbered among its men Private Adam, has always been the "Paisley" Platoon. The Corporal of his Section in that Platoon had always a high opinion of his ability as a soldier and his value as a friend. Such forethought, as finding a means whereby our friendship would be possible, is truly indicative of Private Adam's life amongst us. He was always straightforward and honest, a man who was always sure of himself, and a thoroughly good soldier—thoughtful and fair-minded, for which he was loved and admired. His officers mourn the loss of a capable man, who, but for his untimely end, would have received recognition, and his comrades-in-arms mourn the loss of a friend and a good fellow.

No matter what this life may have in store for the 17th H.L.I., we will never cease to think with regret of the men who were first called upon to make the supreme sacrifice for their King and Country.

Andy Adam was only 25 years of age. He was educated in Camphill School and the John Neilston Institution, Paisley. He was a member of the Craft, belonging to Lodge 370, County Kilwinning. In Paisley he was very well-known and respected, and that town has lost a promising young man. The toll of war is paid without discrimination, and it is good indeed to know that our comrade gave his life in the performance of his duty: doing his bit for his native land in her time of trial. Such men will never be forgotten. When all this trouble and strife is over, and we return again to our homes and our countrymen give us welcome, their thoughts and our thoughts will turn with sorrow, and yet with pride, to those we have left behind.



Photo by

"CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES."

Sergt. A. G. Deans.

On Receiving Her Photograph.

YOUR photo.'s adorning a corner
Of a dug-out that's passibly dry,
Where I sit like poor little Jack Horner,
But minus his big Christmas pie.

The dug-out is not very roomy,
You could take it all in at a glance,
And I used to consider it gloomy,
But now it's the brightest in France.

I'll bet the photographer chappie,
When he told you to smile and look gay,
Never thought how confoundedly happy
He was making the lad far away.

How I bless him! He never did better;
And the transport that brought it to Gaul,
And the Corporal who gave me the letter;
But you, dear, the most of them all.

And I'm not afraid to confess it,
Quite often, of course on the sly,
To my lips I most lovingly press it,
When no other fellow is by.

This war game is truly appalling,
But I'll come back to claim my reward.
Good night, dear, the Sergeant is calling—
It's my turn to go and do guard.

VIKING.

The Sirens' Song.

THE petrel and the screaming gull
The storm-burst fly before,
And ever in the tempest's lull
Our song is borne to shore.

But if the tempest should abate,
And men gaze in the tide,
There, deep at play, with piece of eight
And bright doubloon we're spied.

Our forms are fair, our lips are red,
Our charms by poets told,
In us are bloom and canker wed,
Our fishy blood is cold.

No more we sing beneath the keel,
Or clamber o'er the stern,
Yet men no less our power feel,
No less their thralldom learn.

So surely as they linger here
They feel our baleful powers,
So surely trust to legend sere
So surely are they ours!

* *

They hear our song—no more they'll go,
We have them now to hold—
Show, show them as they gaze below
A handful more of gold!

F. C.

19th H.L.I. Notes.

SINCE our last Notes went to press we have quite a number of little interesting events to record, but we are in the middle of a "move" and so are exceedingly busy. The result is that we must be as brief as possible.

The arrival of the details from Codford brought us back many old friends. To hear S.-M. McCluskey's and C.Q.-M.-Sgts. Williams and Ferris' stentorian tones sends a thrill through all the older boys. Thoughts fly subconsciously back to Gailes, and memories of the early "spade work" are conjured up—and how we were licked into shape in the regular old Red Army style. S.-M. Garrow, C.Q.-M.-S. Copland and C.Q.-M.-S. Ferguson are here too—each helping to bring the 19th "up in the faith," and at the same time keeping the hut cheery of nights with tales of days that were. For sheer good story-telling give us the 'old soldier.' Sergt. Mark Drummond is a conspicuous member of the 19th H.L.I. now, and we learn more history in the course of an afternoon's ramble with him, than we learned throughout years of school training. On the rifle, of course, he is the recognised authority. His mathematical precision is positively uncanny, and we are still wondering how it's done.

The New Year leave has brought us back ready to make a fresh start, smiling—yet regretting—that it is all over once more. Musketry takes up most of our time these days, and only the recruits are doing the familiar S.D. under the aforementioned capable instructors, who thoroughly understand the temperament of the New Armies. Occasionally we have lectures—and our last one, on "Gases and the Use of the Smoke Helmet," was a highly interesting one, which was greatly appreciated by all.

The preparation of the Draft kept the camp stirring for quite a time, and the Quartermaster had little spare time, we imagine. The boys got a great send off, and the farewells were prolonged and hearty. One youth was very reassuring towards his instructors, and his ardent avowal that "on no account would he forget to take the first pull" brought a smile to Staff-Sergt. Barnard's face, while another Fighting Mac. announced that he was prepared to fight the Germans *without* his puttees on! On the whole the boys were happy, and the thought that they were soon to join their many friends in the "Shiny 17th" gladdened their hearts. Lieut. Drysdale, acted as Conducting Officer, from E Company, and he was keen as mustard on the job, and eager to get out. At 12 midnight the complete Draft left, and if good wishes go for anything the Huns shouldn't 'stand an earthly.'

Our worthy Colonel has just returned from a visit "out yonder" and no doubt he could a tale unfold. Unfortunately—well, you know the Press Bureau. We are all very glad to see him safely returned, and regret very much to hear of the unfortunate wounding of Captain Woodhead, our esteemed Brigade Musketry Officer. We wish him a speedy and complete recovery.

We are, as I have said, busy packing, for within the next 48 hours we shall be "moving" to the North Camp. Should the move get us clear of this mud we will be most grateful and will know few regrets. The Derby men have not arrived yet, but are expected shortly, and during the lull in our activities the number of men to be heard whistling Mendelssohn's Wedding March is positively alarming!

Sergt. Brackenridge has returned from an interesting course of Range Finding, at Strensall, and has prospects of going off to Aldershot soon, for Physical Training and Bayonet Fighting. Lance-Sergt. Deans has gone to Chelsea, and Corporal Hamilton and Lance-Corpl. Melrose are at York—all on general courses—while Corporal Fulton is going through the mill at the Strensall School of Musketry.

Commission stock seems to be brightening up a little again, and there is increased activity on the market. Names recently appearing in the *Gazette* with 19th H.L.I. associations are:—Privates R. W. Shearer, W. Orr, A. J. McGowan and E. N. Ross.

The formation of a Battalion Sports Committee has given a decided fillip to athletics in general, and a number of interesting games have already been arranged for. The loss of our Wednesday afternoons for sports is badly felt, however, and we ardently long for the old Gailes conditions.

As of yore, the men continue to score over the Officers at "soccer," but the Officers are showing up well too, and after a highly interesting and keenly contested game, in which they met the Officers of the 3/9th A. and S. H., they finished winners by 2 goals to *nil*.

A rugby match took place some little time ago, between the Ripon Grammar School team and a fifteen composed of Officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the 19th. As the school team was strengthened by the inclusion of half-a-dozen stalwarts from a local English regiment, the game was a strenuous and exciting one. The result of this local Derby was a win for us by 20 points to 3—not a few of the points being due to the efforts of Lieut. Dobson and Pte. Adamson.

In conclusion we extend a very cordial welcome to Sergt. Duffus who returns to us after a rather lengthy indisposition, and undoubtedly his return will have a marked effect on the signalling results.



With the publication of the present number *The Outpost* is exactly a year old.

**Our
Birthday.**

Just twelve months ago, while in training at Troon, it made its appearance among us, quietly and without noise. No one knew exactly who was responsible, no one could suspect the name behind the print, none could tell the personality between the lines, but our Regimental Sergeant-Major was known to have a hand in it. He had and he still has. Since the date of the Magazine's inception many things have come and gone and much has changed. Not least affected by the alterations of time has been the Magazine Staff itself. Old and staunch contributors have departed from us to take up commissions, to serve as munition workers, and to fight in other ways for King and Country. We remember that help with gratitude and pride, and as they send to us their best wishes and birthday greetings for *The Outpost*, we wish them all the soldier's wish, "Best of good luck."

We shall not look in vain for their successors.

**Another
Appeal.**

There are many in the Battalion capable of filling their shoes, able to wield the pen as mightily as the sword. We would ask them once more to step forward and play the game. Our last appeal was not without result, but we feel that many are still hanging back with no apparent reason save a temperamental backwardness and an innate modesty. We want them to help us in the work of the Magazine. More particularly—and we are looking to the future—we want them to 'carry on,' to assist us as deputies, so that, should the occasion arise, Number 2 can fill the place of Number 1. The work may be hard and difficult—we can testify it is not easy—but it is not without interest and enjoyment, and it will have more than its own reward.

* * * * *

Well, we wish *The Outpost* many returns?

**A Double
Entendre.**

It is a "point naive." If we don't, we are unkind. If we do, we are literally hoping for the indefinite duration of the war. We feel sure that the men of the Battalion at least will take the latter soldier-like risk! At any rate, we may all hope that it will have many happy returns, and that that happiness which spells victory and peace will be imprinted on its pages before another year.

The Outpost and *Battalion Ballads* may be had in Glasgow from John Menzies & Co., Ltd., 96 West Nile Street; John Smith & Son; David Robertson & Co.; the Printer; and Railway Station Book-stalls.



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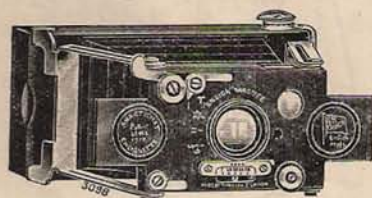
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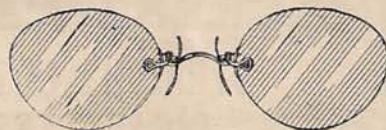


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